

PEG T-----M's  
INVILATION

To the Two Shilling

VOTERS of WESTMNSTER.

*To show how much our Northern Tastes refine,  
Imported Nymphs our Peers outshine,  
While Tradesmen starve these Philomels are gay,  
For generous Lords, had rather give than Pay.*  
YOUNG.

S I R,  
WAS it not evident to every one, that Folly seems more and more proportionate to the Temper of my Countrymen, I should have been surpriz'd at the Encouragement given to the Vagrants of a Nation, remarkable for their Fopperies over all Europe: But how much greater must be the Surprise of every thinking Person, when he hears the chief Encouragers of these Strollers are no less than the Descendant of those worthy Patriots, whose Nobility was their least Claim to Honour, assisted by cockaded Fribbles, whom we maintained during the late War, at an infinite Expence, to keep the French out, not to bring 'em in?

Should it be told in a distant Country, or a distant Day, when the inconsistencies of our Petit-Matre Generation are forgotten, that there was an Island, abounding in all the Conveniences for War or Commerce, well instructed in Arts and Sciences, beloved by Heaven, envied by the whole World; whose Glory was Liberty, and whose Security its Situation; and yet notwithstanding these multiplied Advantages, that the Inhabitants of it were so addicted to Luxury and Extravagance as to hazard Honour, Health, Fortune, Fame, and Liberty, in the Pursuit of them; that having humbled their Enemies, and set Bounds to the Ambition of their Neighbours, instead of rooting out Folly where they came, encouraged the Growth of it; nay, transplanted it to their own Country: Sure the Relation must be treated as a Romance, and an Absurdity too gross to be received! But alas! we have the two melancholly Proofs of a parallel Conduct at Home; and tho' we have but just recovered from the Inconveniences of a War with a powerful Enemy, are daily importing the very Sum of their Country to entertain us, at the Expence of our Understanding at Home, and our Reputation Abroad.

In a Word, had our Fathers foreseen so shameful a Degeneracy in their Posterity, and known that their Sons, tho' possess'd of the most elegant Performances in their own Language, heighten'd by the well-judged Voice and Actions of their own Countrymen, would nevertheless have preferred the miserable Performances of French Valets, Barbers, and Skip-Kennels; they would, at the Close of Life, repented of the unwearied Endeavours they were at to establish our Liberty, and to make our Name a Terror to France and honourable thro' the whole Earth.

A. B.

The French Strollers Bit,  
Or, A Vote for PEG  
T-----M.

YE pert Buffoons of France,  
Who hither come to dance,  
Pimp and betray,  
Pack up your Awls again,  
Such Stuff won't entertain,  
O! 'tis against the Grain.  
Troop, Troop away.

E're thy Buffoon'ry,  
To lull us easily,  
Till fast asleep,  
Until thy French antick Tricks  
Or nought but Rags and Sticks,  
We of your Fans be sick,  
Troop, Troop away.

What tho' some silly Apes,  
Sprung from your Mungrel Race,  
Say you shall stay,  
What tho' they storm and swear,  
You shall continue here,  
And call you dear Monsieur,  
Troop, Troop away.

To do this Foolish Job,  
Peg T-----M Heads the Mob,  
Very fine Show,  
That such who ought to be,  
Stanch for our Liberty,  
Strives for our Slavery,  
Troop, Troop away.

O! May our Heavenly Lord,  
Joyn them in one A Cord,  
Is Britons Prayer,  
That they in Unity,  
May altogether be,  
J---k K---h mayn't lose his Fee  
We'll sing dare dare.



Printed for E. Wink-a-pinks,